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THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1918.

Are You MASTER OF YOURSELF?

If Not, You Are the Slave of Yourself and Others, a Drifting Chip.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I think whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms out the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. HENLEY.

Very pretty lines, indeed, but to how many of us do they apply? How many really are captains of the ship "Myself"? Man is a ship on the ocean of life. The captain is WILL. POWER.

The will controls life; we must control the will.

What we call will is made up of all the impulses, passions, and appetites within the body, PLUS REASON. Reason, the power to control ourselves, to control our inclinations, is the one thing that makes a MAN of a creature that otherwise would be simply an improved animal.

The biggest question in life is this: "Is it possible to control the will and through the will control oneself and life's conditions?"

IT IS POSSIBLE, in spite of the teachings of superstition, of fatalism, and of mental weakness.

These words are plain:

"See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil: * * * therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live."—Deuteronomy, xxx: 15, 19.

Man is born with all possibilities of good and of evil. "Out of the mouth of God cometh neither good nor bad." Man is born also with the power TO CHOOSE, if he will exert his will.

Exercise of the will is, as the English philosopher and historian Lecky points out, the power to CONCENTRATE thought and keep it concentrated.

The monkey in his cage first thinks of a peanut shell, then of a piece of straw, then of the trapeze over his head, then of the bars, which he rattles.

He cannot keep his mind upon any one thing for a quarter of a second.

That is why he is a monkey. Don't be like him. Practice concentration of thought, keeping your mind at one thing, controlling your entire life and yourself by the power of the will, which should be the captain of your ship.

All the education that all the colleges of the world could give you would not equal in value the education that you can give YOURSELF by compelling your mind to work steadily and your will to keep pointing in one direction.

Nobody can teach you that but yourself. Here is a quotation from Lecky. You might paste it up on your little mirror, thus making sure that you will see it quite frequently when you study your thoughtful face or your new necktie in the morning.

"The discipline of thought; the establishment of an ascendancy of the will over our courses of thinking; the power of casting away morbid trains of reflection and turning resolutely to other subjects or aspects of life; the power of concentrating the mind vigorously on a serious subject and pursuing continuous trains of thought—form perhaps the best fruits of judicious self-education.

"Its importance, indeed, is manifold. In the higher walks of intellect, this power of mental concentration is of supreme value. Newton is said to have ascribed mainly to an unusual amount of it his achievements in philosophy, and it is probable that the same might be said by most other great thinkers.

"It is in such exercises of will that we chiefly realize the truth of the lines of Tennyson:

"Oh, well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he will not suffer long."

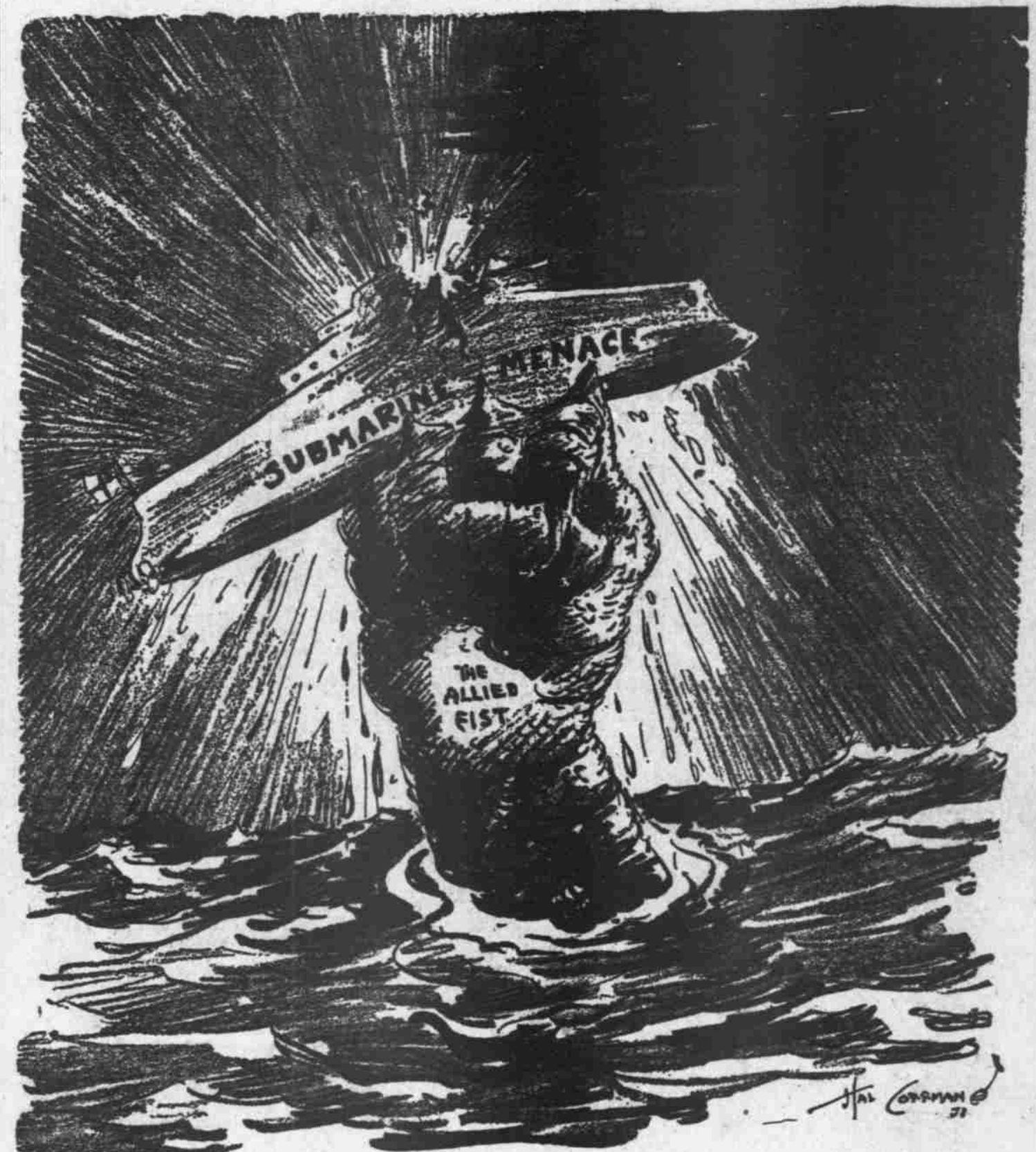
We all realize the importance of telling the truth to each other. It is even more important to tell the truth to YOURSELF.

To WILL that you will do a thing and then fail is to lie to yourself. Weakness of will, like lying, is a matter of habit. Eventually it becomes fixed and hopeless.

Do you ask WHAT serious problems could be solved absolutely by will power? Here are a few:

The drink problem, the problem of extravagance, the problem of immorality, of laziness; the problem of an anxious, penniless old age, and there are a thousand others—all problems that will would solve.

"We Must Win By a Knock Out"—Lloyd-George



Eve's Way Is Puzzle To Vexed One

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

THE outworn idea that you can beat, or force, or drive anybody into doing as you want them to is not the sole monopoly of junkerdom.

It is junkerdom's chief stock in trade, of course, but the supply has not been entirely cornered. We all of us encounter it now and then, either in our own experience or that of some one whom we know.

A young married man of Boston has recently submitted to me in a letter a long account of his matrimonial tribulations, consisting chiefly of a series of complaints against his wife, and has asked me for my advice.

Advice of Friends.

He admits that he has previously sought the counsel of various friends and acquaintances through a hypothetical question in which he presents his own experiences as having been undergone by some one he knows. The response in each instance has been, "If I were that fellow I'd kill her," or "I'd beat her," "I'd hand her a wallop," and other suggestions of similar tenor.

I am not surprised. Nine out of ten persons on hearing his story would unthinkingly pre-

scribe the same heroic remedy. But he himself is evidently in doubt as to its efficacy. Nor is he willing to accept the other horn of the dilemma and leave the woman who he says is making his life miserable.

For one thing, the situation is complicated by the existence of a child to whom he is devotedly attached; and, for another, he is still obviously too much in love with his wife to think of giving her up.

He clings to the dream of a home in which the three of them reunited, husband, wife, and baby, may live happy together ever after.

I have only the picture he draws of his wife to go on. According to that, she is young, somewhat flighty, extremely fond of admiration, demanding constant amusement and excitement—a familiar enough type. She may have these qualities in the exaggerated degree that he intimates, or his representation may be prejudiced. At any rate, she has the encouragement and support of her mother.

Unconsciously, however, he gives between the lines of his

letter a much clearer and more definite portrait of himself.

Up to the time of his marriage, he says, he had always been an actor. One can see that all his ambitions and hopes were centered in his profession. Although scarcely more than a boy—he is only twenty-four now—he had advanced rapidly into recognition, and was called upon to support some of the best-known stars in the country. He delighted in the player's life; again and again in his letter he reverts to the charm and attraction that it held for him.

Nevertheless, when he was compelled to choose between getting married and the stage, he gave it up. The young woman to whom he was engaged made that a condition and he assented.

Much against his grain, he secured an industrial position in his native town and established himself and his bride in a home of their own. The unaccustomed work was hard and irksome to a degree, but he stuck it out and tried to make good.

In the meantime, though, his wife had become discontented. She wanted to return to her own

city and friends, and again he yielded.

He secured another situation there, and again manfully did his best for his family, which by this time had been increased by the arrival of the baby.

But among old associations, and with her mother at hand to rely upon for assistance in the household, the young wife neglected more and more her domestic responsibilities to seek continual gaiety and diversion. Even an alarming illness of the baby failed to steady her.

Back to Stage.

Incessant broils and dissensions were the result. Finally the husband, wrought up beyond endurance, flung himself off and, returning to the stage, began to rehearse with a big New York production; but he could not stand the separation and, throwing up his engagement, came back to plead with her.

Since then his life has been merely a series of quasi-reconciliations and new breaks, of pleading on his part and a constantly growing defiance on hers. Without money and too upset by her conduct to work, he has become seedy looking and is taunted by her as a "bum" and told that he is no good. What shall he do, he asks?

Here Lies George Washington

First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen: ADMISSION, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

By EARL GODWIN.

There are several persons who disagree with me in my effort to call attention to the fact that a private corporation charges twenty-five cents for entrance to Mount Vernon, the greatest shrine which Liberty can call her own. Among these are members of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, who seem to think that in demanding public ownership of the tomb of the Father of His Country I am inflicting some sort of an attack upon the ladies themselves.

Far be it from me to fail to recognize that if the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association had not bought Mount Vernon it MIGHT have fallen into utter ruin.

Just to show that I do appreciate and that all America appreciates what these women have done, I will go so far as to print a "tribute" which one friend of the association sends me:

Mt. Vernon Ladies' Association.
The associations of Washington Mt. Vernon became the property of the association. A further fund was provided for permanent care and maintenance. Portions of the original estate which had been sold have been acquired again; buildings which had fallen into ruin have been restored; the deer park under the hill has been restored; the mansion has been repaired; many articles of furniture and ornament have been restored to several rooms, and numbers of valuable relics and mementos of George and Martha Washington and of their times have been deposited here. The restoration, equipment, and keeping of the respective rooms have been entrusted to the pious care of the women of the different States represented in the board of vice regents. The privilege of visiting Mt. Vernon, and the satisfaction of knowing that it is to be cherished for all time, we owe to this ladies' association, and beyond it to Ann Pamela Cunningham. The home and tomb of Washington will have for us added interest if thus we shall see in them a monument of the patriotic impulse, courage, and achievement of the women of America."

Now that I have acknowledged these facts, let me reiterate my ideas on the subject of Mount Vernon:

It should be owned by the people of the United States, and NOT by a corporation, which is what the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association is.

No admission fee should be charged.

The place should be open as wide as freedom itself ON SUNDAYS, so that everyone can visit this wonderfully beloved spot.

No steamship company should have a monopoly on the landing privileges. That is un-American and unlike anything George Washington would have done.

The United States Government should have bought the place in the first place. Now that the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association has owned it for half a century, it is still true that the Government should own it.

Make Mount Vernon FREE to the nation, cut out the petty charges and the refusal to allow visitors there on Sundays, and do away with the un-American steamboat monopoly.

HEARD AND SEEN

California State Association Meets Tonight.
Thomson School, 12th and L Sts.

Agricultural Notes.
ARTHUR C. SPENCER, of the Geological Survey, has taken five dollars' worth of beans out of his backyard war garden so far this summer.

DR. ARTHUR MELOY and his brother Ralph were down to Benedict Sunday trying to buy some oyster shells to make lime for the Meloy farm.

They all do it according to their opportunities.

A Federal judge, who lives in Washington, has a summer cottage out in Maryland. Last week he accepted a lift from a farmer neighbor, who was also going into the village store. The farmer had some fine bacon for sale, and the storekeeper paid him 26 cents a pound. That was a reminder to the judge that his wife instructed him to buy some bacon. He got several pounds of that which had just been purchased from his farmer neighbor and paid 55 cents a pound. The judge and the farmer have come to a closer understanding and will hereafter not take the storekeeper into their deals in bacon.

L. W. B.

"Katherine" says that lieutenants

speak to her on the street and annoy her, and will I not please say something about it.
I would advise Katherine to speak to the police.

BILL PALMER says JOHNNY GORMAN is wrong about the steamer George Leary going to pieces near the Delaware Breakwater.

"That boat was the Crystal Wave," says B. P. "RANDALL bought her in New York and was bringing her to Washington when she was sunk in collision off the Delaware Capes."

Bill was purser on the "Samuel J. Potts" and also on the "Mary Washington" and knows the old river lore well.

BRAD ADAMS' barge was called the "Cocade City," which was the nom de ville of Petersburg, Va. from whence the barge hailed.

B. P. says the two blunt ended ferries between here and Alexandria were dismantled and made into coal barges.

The old Mt. Vernon steamer "W. W. Corcoran" burned at 1st wharf and the hulk was towed around near the old Long Bridge and sunk there. Later the wreck was dynamited.

Sayings of Famous Men.
CHARLES LATROP PACK, president of the National War Garden Commission: Fight the foe with dreadnaught and dryer.

Those Cheap Glasgow Fares

To the Editor of The Times:
I read with much interest your excellent editorial on the street car system of Glasgow. I have traveled on the Glasgow tramcars (as they are called) for 1 cent fare, and can endorse everything you say. The zone system is also in use in Dublin, Ireland, but the cheapest fare there is 1 penny (equivalent to our 2 cents). For this sum, however, you can travel quite a long distance, I should say about from Washington circle to the Capitol here. The zone system as used in Dublin is very simple and easily handled. The fares are 2 cents, 4 cents, and 6 cents, respectively. On payment of the fare, the passenger is given a ticket punched at the farthest point to which he can travel for the amount paid. He retains this ticket till he gets off. The city is divided into zones, with which the car conductors are, of course, thoroughly familiar, and mistakes rarely occur. Standing on street cars in Dublin is forbidden by municipal ordinance, and the tramway company sees to it that this law causes no loss of business through lack of sufficient cars to handle the traffic. The double-deck cars are used, and the American style car is rarely seen except on an occasional line of track that runs under low bridges. In Dublin only the old and infirm will travel inside the car when weather conditions permit the enjoyment and fresh air of the upper deck. That the zone system in Dublin is profitable is evidenced by the fact that the tramway company pays handsome dividends, the chairman and chief stockholder, William P. Murphy, being reputed a millionaire when I lived there some years ago. Dublin is similar to Washington in many respects. It is the national capital, the seat of government, and has about the same population. If the zone system can be worked successfully there, why not here?
P. MURPHY.

